

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

THE FIRST D.S.C.s

To the first winners of the Distinguished Service Cross, the new American decoration awarded for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy," the proud reverence of the A.E.F. goes out. The deeds of these men are glorious deeds.

The does merit the honor and the congratulations they have received. But it is the A.E.F. that is honored most, in the possession of these men.

BELGIUM

Most of us in the A.E.F. have, by reason of our geographical situation in France, seen too little of our Belgian Allies. We know that Belgium is still on the battle line; that her gallant little Army, after nearly four years of grueling punishment, is still clinging staunchly to that little strip of territory to the northwest—all of Belgium that remains untouched by the Prussian tiger's talons. But we all of us recall, with reverence and awe, the nobly defiant answer which her King gave to the Hun in 1914, the gallant defense of civilization which she made in the dark days of that fateful August.

France we know and love and respect by reason of our battle-comradeship with her fighting men. England we know and love and respect by reason of what we have seen of the manner of men she sends forth to war on sea and land, by reason of common ties of blood and language. But let us not forget for a moment what we, in common with France and England, owe to Belgium, who braved extinction that we might be warned and saved. And, recalling that, let us plunge into our task with renewed zeal—for the victorious completion of that task means the restoration of Belgium, the righting of the hideous wrong that was done her, the securing to her forever of the place among nations that is hers.

Our hearts go out to her. Our hearts bow down in reverence as her tattered standards pass proudly by. Our spirits are quickened at the thought of what she has done, and our nerves are steeled at memory of the injuries she has suffered. The heirs of those who fought for freedom at Lexington salute those who fought for freedom at Liège. Their cause is the same.

LET'S GO

Nothing is more stimulating to a soldier than the thought that his country is solidly behind him. We will feel better over here and fight better if we know that every able-bodied man in the United States is "doing his damnedest" to help us win.

New Jersey, West Virginia and Maryland have passed laws making loafing illegal. Loafing is too expensive for a poor man, so the law can be directed at but two classes—the idle rich and the hoboes.

The rich, as a whole, have vindicated themselves in this war. Nearly every battalion in France has its millionaire or millionaire's son. They were among the first to come, they are among our best soldiers. But there are always some slackers, and these will be the sufferers in the new measure.

Three States have passed the compulsory work law. Some of the slackers have gone to work—and some have left for other States. Let the other 45 States pass the same law. Let it become impossible for a non-producer to exist in the United States.

Work ought to be the fashion now for men who can't fight, overalls the style for men who don't wear navy blue or khaki.

DOWN WITH "SAMMIE"

A Sammie may be defined as an American soldier as he appears in an English newspaper or a French cinema flash. It is a name he did not invent; does not like, never uses and did not recognize. When he sees it in the papers from home, it makes him sick. The American doughboy has had his baptism of fire, but he has not yet been christened.

The name "Sammie" was ineffectually wished on our troops the day of their arrival in France. The French soldiers had been "pouffes" and the British "Tommys" since long before 1914, but, like the Australians, the Americans arrived nameless in France. It was not long, to be sure, before the gallant band that sailed from under the Southern Cross had become known the world around as the "Anzacs," but this was used so fulsomely after Gallipoli that the boys themselves acquired a distaste for it, and of late have taken to describing themselves as "Aussies," "Aussie," then, is now the fashion, and some day the A.E.F. will, literally, make a name for itself. Some day it will find a substitute for the unsatisfactory, the really painful, "Sammie."

When, in the fullness of time, the American Army has been welded by shock and suffering into a single fighting force, with one mind, one heart and one spirit, the American soldier will find his name. It will be the inspiration of some ambulance driver, perhaps, or the outburst of some eloquent cook. It will strike the fancy of a passing guard and be forwarded through military channels like a sentry's call.

Wounded boys will carry it back to base hospitals and ammunition train drivers will spread it to the base ports. Some reporter will hear it at some distant bar and put it into the story he has to write that night. It will be printed in America. Paragaphers and cartoonists and vaudeville comedians will use it. It will be caught up at home and in the training camps. The name will be fastened on. The American soldier will have been christened. He does not know now what that name will be. He simply knows it won't be "Sammie."

EASTER IN WAR TIME

This is the first war-time Easter for us Americans. True, we entered the war on Good Friday of last year, and were technically in the war by the following Easter—technically, but not practically. Now, however, that a goodly number of our troops have received their baptism of fire, now that our Navy has put in its days and nights of vigil far out at sea, now that our nation, from coast to coast, has thrown itself heart and soul into the great task of keeping us and our Allies in the fight, we may truly call this our war-time Easter. We are in—in to the finish, and we know it. Easter is the time of hope. Easter is a festival of joyful fulfillment, of even more joyful promise. It is the one feast of all the year that symbolizes the triumph of man's soul over the things that would batter it down to "the prison house of death." There is no reason why a war-time Easter should not be as hopeful and of as joyful promise as one celebrated in time of peace. There is every reason why this particular war-time Easter should be particularly hopeful and promissory of joy and peace to come.

"And again He shall come with glory to judge both the living and the dead; of whose kingdom there shall be no end." Thus speaks the creed which tells most fully the message of Easter. He will come to judge the living who have championed His cause—the cause of justice and freedom—and to judge, in His infinite mercy, those who have died in defending that cause. And no man who lives or dies striving to bring about His peace need fear His judgment. The Christ loved and preached peace; but He loved justice and freedom more, and for them He laid down His life. Our fight is His fight: His peace, when it comes, will be ours.

"THE YANKS ARE COMING"

The new song beginning, "The Yanks are coming," would be more popular over here if it were not about ourselves. It would be egotistical of us to sing it too much. But there is no over-stating the strength of those four expressive words.

The Yanks are coming! They are—and the only people who appear to doubt it are the Germans.

A neutral visitor in Germany described to a *London Daily Mail* correspondent the other day the conduct of the people in Mannheim when five British bombing aeroplanes, mistaken for American, were sighted. He said:—

"Suddenly, all the factory whistles started blowing, the sirens boomed, and in a few seconds there was a great rush of women from the works. 'Ach Lieber Gott! Es sind bomben!' (Good heaven, it's bombs!) they shouted; and scattered in a panic in all directions, belling like rabbits for bomb-proof shelters. A few people remained just outside the shelters gazing into the sky. Four or five aeroplanes were visible. Presently somebody exclaimed, 'They are American.' One woman began to sob. Another screamed aloud, 'The Americans!'"

"A Dutchman who, I suppose, was employed in the works, called out, 'There now, what did I tell you? I told you the Americans would come sooner or later. Now you see them!'"

There is a striking parallel between the song and the exclamation of that frightened woman, "The Americans!" And there is food for speculation.

What would happen in Germany if the Germans really knew "The Yanks were coming"—and coming strong?

And, what will happen in Germany when we do start?

ARE YOU A CRICHTON?

Once upon a time the gentle Barrie, whose earnings as a writer have been poured into the British hospital work since first the war was on, wrote a comedy called "The Admirable Crichton." Crichton was the perfect English butler, unsuspected of any further powers by the great folk of the household where he served so silently and so well—unsuspected until that household set sail in a yacht and was cast away upon an uninhabited island. That was life suddenly reduced to its simplest terms. Life uncomfortably different from the soft one they had all known in London, a life full of new dangers and new problems.

It was a painful emergency, and emergencies bring their own readjustment of values. Here was plain and desperate need for leadership by someone not with assigned power nor inherited power but with real power. Here was need for resourcefulness and nerve—unlimited nerve. Then it was not Lord So-and-so nor the young master nor any of the great folk who took command but Crichton—the quiet Crichton. America is coming to Europe, and steadily, silently, with a change here and a change there, day by day this readjustment of values is taking place. You have seen Barrie's comedy enacted a hundred times since you went into khaki—in camp back home, on the transport at sea, on the march in France. It does not matter what you were in America. It does not matter just now what you would have become in America. What are you in Europe? Who are the Crichtons in the A.E.F.? The emergencies will tell.

The high private in the rear rank who tries to assume command by making frank, little suggestions to the Colonel may find the process a trifle discouraging, but in an emergency, any voice can be heard. And way up front, under the fire of the German guns, there is not a man to whom, though he may now be the lowest form of human life in his sector, there might not come, in some great hour, the chance to lead his company.

The Listening Post

LINES ON TAKING A NEW JOB

When I was a civilian in the trying days of peace,
I spilled a column daily, sans vacation or surcease,
I whistled many a mournful wheeze and many a halting rhyme
To cop the fleeting jinxer and to snare the elusive dime.
I jested by the carload and I frolicked by the bale,
When I used to write a column on the New York Mail.

The years continued flitting, as the years are wont to do,
Until one New Year's Eve I went and shifted my H.Q.
I wrote a ton of trifles and a mass of metric junk
To give me daily ammunition for my Barrage of Bunk.

Oh, many a paragraph I pulled and many a sassy squib,
When I ran a daily column on the New York Trib.

Goodbye, O dull serenity! Ye days of peace, farewell!
I went—oh!—to fight the foe and hear the shot and shell.
Yet once again I find that I must hurl the merry josh.
Though I now command a column set against the beastly Boche.
But the grandest, proudest job I've ever had among the types
Is this job to run this column in THE STARS AND STRIPES.

They had one of those pre-season games at home the other day, the Dodgers and the Red Sox—or, as they are shangely termed, the Brooklyn Nationals and the Boston Americans. The result was the season's first box score. Doubtless we shall miss going to the games, whether we actually attended or only, like most of us, read about them in the papers. But here is the non-detachable silver lining: The peepiest of the sport writers at home have jumped to the real Big League—they are in the Army in a certain Atlantic Port, frexamp, eight of the gifted scrivener's will not fillate their typewriters at the Polo Grounds this season. One is a major, two are captains, two are lieutenants, and details of the others are not at hand.

It can't be much fun in the press-box this season, among a lot of total strangers.

Speaking of box scores, our objective is the line: Germany out, England to America to France.

Note: The preceding paragraph obviously should be referred to the Base Censor.

NINE 'RAINS'

Then give three cheers, and three times three. For the gallant winners of the D.S.C.!

It takes all kinds of out-of-luckness to make up life, including that of the man who, one morning in 1897, because French came at nine o'clock and conflicted with geometry, took German, because it was scheduled for eleven. *Donnerwetter!* not to say *Son d'un Chien* and *Curse the Luck!*

March 24 will be known henceforth in Paris as Bomb Sunday.

To one who from his Listening Post heard the Hudson Terminal, the Western Union, and the Woolworth Buildings go up, rivet by rivet, the noise of the bombs and shells is the soft murmur of a lullaby. Sweet and low, sweet and low, bombs of the Western Front!

Thirty-three telephone girls have landed from the United States. Or, as the telephone girls themselves would say, thirty-three-ree.

BLESS HIM!

A bird I like
Is Bonnie Herman:
He never quotes
From General Sherman.

"Michigan," observes the *Chicago Tribune*, "won the most points and was declared the victor in the meet." Which proves that things have not changed much at home. The winners of the most points still are returned veterans.

At one point the shell made a small breach of his 50cm. in a wall. When it falls on a building it is barely able to wreck one story, and the hole made by it in the ground is quite small. Of course, it is better to avoid getting in the way.—*The Herald*.

THE SOLDIER'S CREDO

This was his bomb and shell and gun:
I like it.
Sometimes it isn't any fun:

I like it.
At times you're homesoner than sin:
You miss your girl, you miss your kin:
It's the toughest game you ever were in—
I like it.

In response to no letters and no telephone queries, the answer is given. Yes, this department welcomes the work of contrabands. BUT—please don't tell us that Dr. Hunger runs a delicatessen shop in Brooklyn, or that Burns Bros. are in the coal business.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

***News are plentiful these nice spring days.
***Now is the time to subscribe to THE STARS AND STRIPES—ADV.
***Subscriptions are coming in elegant these pleasant days.
***W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam is way behind with his spring plunging.
***This place is filling up with boys from home. Welcome to the well known aviator, made a flying trip through Somewhere Junction Thursday on business.
***Corp. Dash of North Somewhere was out buggy riding last Sunday afternoon. All there, Celeste!

Private Eddie Gazish, of Thold Avnoo, N.Yark, is explaining to Private Jack MacTavish, of the Glenside Highlanders, the intricacies of New York pronunciation. He recites, to instance a case, the w.k. lines: "Pretty Golly Molphy, she co'it'ly is a bold; She lives on Tholty Foist Street, not far from Tholty Thoid." She reads the Evening Journal, she reads the Evening World; Some goll is Golly Molphy, whenever her hair is coiled." This amused Private MacTavish greatly. And he retailed it to his comrades. Thus: "Pretty Gurr-rry Murr-rphy, she co'rr-rtainly is a burr-rr!" She lives on Thurr-rry Furr-rr-st Street, not far from Thurr-rry Thurr-rr-st. She reads the Evening Jour-rr-nal, she reads the Evening Wurr-rr-rr!

As The Listening Post's artillery expert understands the Hun's new long-distance gun, it has plenty of speed, but no control.

After all, life in the Army isn't so different.

It's just one darned column after another. E. P. A.



"NO GLOOM" IS RIGHT

Under the chiding, "No Gloom in Paper Pershing's Men Edit," the *New York Times* of February 28 has these things to say of the initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

"Copies of the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force in France, have arrived in this country. It came out for the first time on February 8 and will be issued regularly on Fridays.

"In size and make-up it is a typical metropolitan newspaper. The sheets are about an inch longer and half an inch narrower than those of the *New York Times*, and the first number was of eight pages and carried 14 columns of American, English, and French advertisements.

"It is a real newspaper in its news contents. It covers the Expeditionary Force in its news columns every thoroughly. Its spirit is noticeably more cheerful than that of most newspapers. It gives the impression that the Expeditionary Force is a lighthearted organization."

The *Times* then goes on to quote at length from "To the Folks Back Home," the open letter of the editorial page. The first number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which defended the A.E.F. from the ill-founded charges that made their way back to the States some time ago, and which have been amply disproved and their bearers discredited since then, "The *Times* calls the article, 'a word of advice to gloomy people at home.' Among other articles to which the *Times* gives special mention are the one describing the plan under which the leaves of the A.E.F. are being conducted; the description of the warehouses and refrigerating plant situated 'somewhere in the L. of C.'; the editorial on 'Spies and Ases,' which is quoted to a considerable extent, and the editorial commending the Y.M.C.A.'s decision not to accept as workers in France any more men eligible for military service.

At the conclusion of its review, which occupies the greater part of a column, the *Times* gives the price of individual copies, and of subscriptions, the business address of the paper, and the personnel of its staff.

DR. BRAUER'S DOPE

Disparagement of German-Americans on the part of semi-official lecturers in Germany, in an effort to explain the loyalty of German-descended Americans to the United States, is part of the stock-in-trade of German internal propaganda nowadays. Two clippings from German papers, containing reports of such lectures, give interesting proof of this.

According to the *Oberschlesischer Anzeiger*, of Ratibor (in Upper Silesia), under date of January 15, 1918, a certain Dr. Brauer spoke in disparaging terms of the German-Americans. He said, in substance, that an Anglophile society emulated by British gold was responsible for their "attitude"—meaning their failure to prevent America's entry into the war.

Further than that, Dr. Brauer divided Americans into two classes—those who emigrated before 1870 and who, therefore, had no conception of the glories of the modern German Empire, and those who emigrated after 1870, who came from the lower classes of German society, and who (to quote the doctor) were on that account of no importance. All German-Americans, he added, had been influenced by the "prejudice in America against German militarism, the personality of the German Emperor," and "incorruptible" German officials.

Fraulein Schmidt Pauli, according to the *Hamburger Nachrichten* of March 1, 1918, delivered a similar lecture at Hamburg, in which she declared that "the attitude of the German-Americans was not difficult to understand if it were remembered from what classes of German society emigration to America had taken place in the nineteenth century." Which was a polite way of saying that only the lowest classes were represented in America.

Efforts to explain German-American loyalty to the United States—apparently a highly painful matter to official Germany—are constantly being made throughout the length and breadth of the empire. The foregoing are typical specimens of the methods that are being pursued.

DRAFTED MILITIA OFFICERS

Upon the draft of the National Guard into the Federal service officers thereof become officers of the United States Army and can thereafter be discharged only under Section 9 of the Act of May 15, 1917. Paragraph 10, Special Regulations 53, War Department, 1917, does not apply.

THE FIRST EASTER

ST. JOHN, 20

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

2 Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

3 Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

4 So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

5 And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

6 Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie.

7 And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8 Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

9 For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

10 Then the disciple went away again unto their own home.

11 But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

12 And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13 And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14 And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16 Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni: which is to say, Master.

17 Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

18 Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

19 Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

20 And when he had thus said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

21 Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

22 And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost:

23 Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

24 But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25 The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26 And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27 Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

28 And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

30 And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book.

31 But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.

HOW THEY'RE GETTING ON AT HOME

BY A RECENT ARRIVAL

I know a woman in Terre Haute, who, when I left, had a little cold; and a man I rode next to on the Sixth Avenue Elevated in New York had dandruff; but generally speaking I can say that the folks at home are well. They had a tough winter; make no mistake about that: it was just as chilly for the rich as for the poor. I saw ever so many who lived in fine apartments on Riverside Drive and Park Avenue, New York, who shivered during the cold spell, and whose laundries couldn't get coal for them at any price. Some of them grined and bore it, and some of them befeared and bore it; but they did bear it.

Take the theatrical managers. When the countless Mondays went into effect, the theaters were closed for one day a week, but were permitted to give an extra matinee, so that the total number of weekly performances remained the same as before. Well, when the order was first published the managers objected. They saw, they said, the ruin of the American stage, not to say the permanent flop of the show business. But the show business failed to flop. Instead, the theaters did a bigger business than before. I can't prove this, but I saw the statements of two Broadway plays, and they bore out the truth of this. When the theaters were closed, some of the managers again objected.

Nor are the folks at home starving, any more than we are. Practically everybody—house-

keepers and restaurants—has signed the Food Administration card, and, with the exception of a gluttonous slacker or two, adheres to it. And the folks like it. The corn flour muffins were getting about the time I left were better than any white bread I ever dipped in my coffee.

Wages are unusually high and business, as a rule, is good. As Maxwarr Perhutter would say, I seen it better and I seen it worse. The clerks in the stores average older than they used to; most of the peppy boys are in the Army. Nowadays the musical shows print the chorus men's names on the programs and, if they are more than 21, their ages. And sometimes their serial draft numbers.

By and large, the folks are going about their business. The one thing they are interested in is what we are doing over here, and how we are doing it. Whom we are doing it to they miss.

There come times over here when we miss them acutely—times even when we envy them what we are pleased to call their comfort. And there are times when they miss us, and how they do envy us! I have heard hundreds of goodbyes said in the last three months, and those who are left behind deem us who are chosen to go the fortunate ones. Some even refer to us, as they grip us by the hand the day or the week or the month before we embark, as You Lucky Guy.

Which we are.